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G. A. Ireland

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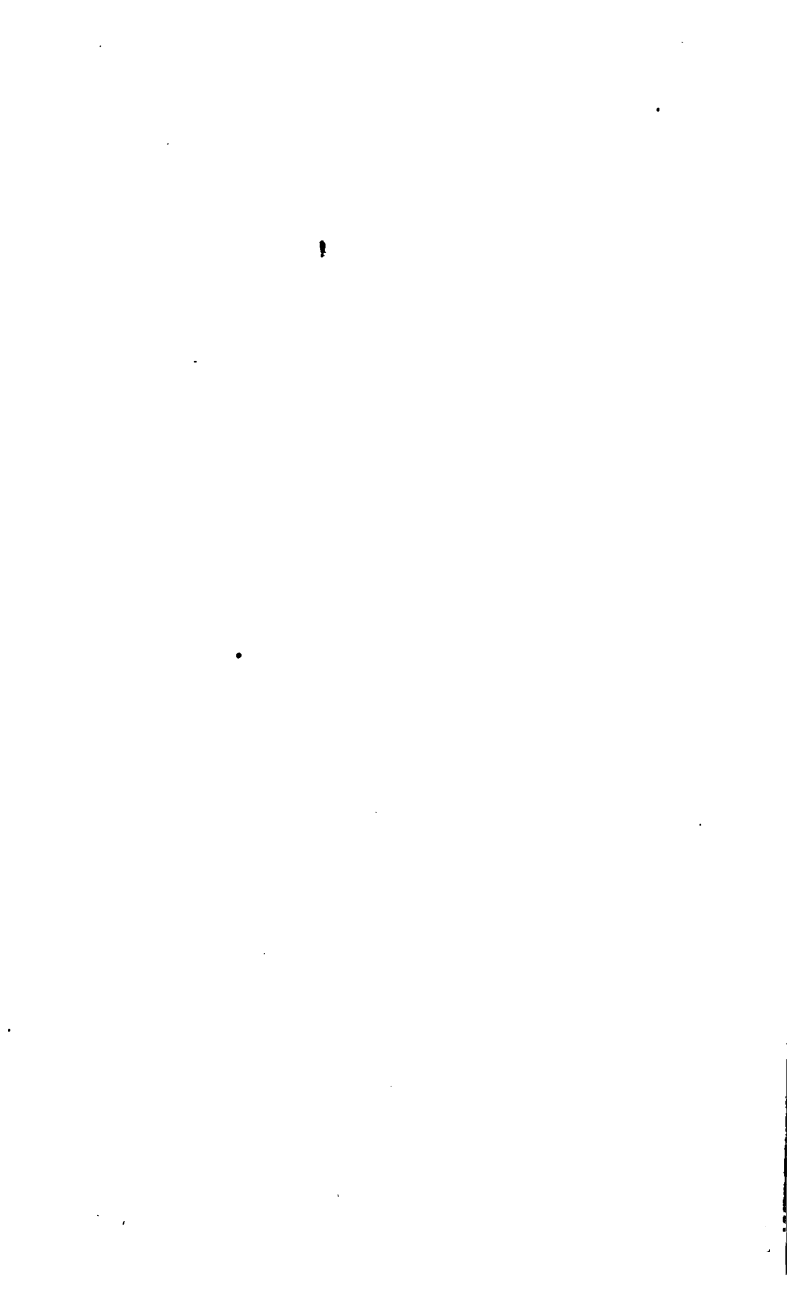
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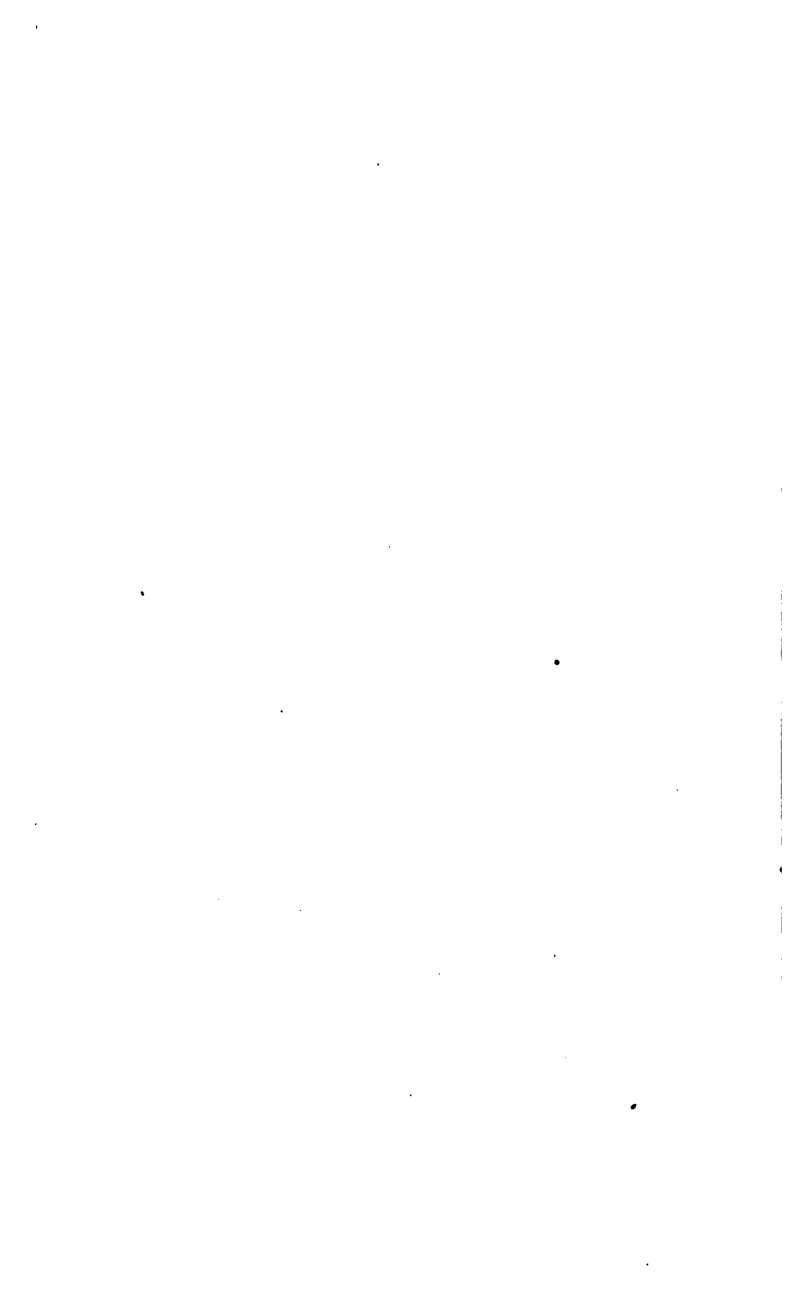
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EXCURSIONS

FROM

BANDON.





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EXCURSIONS

FROM

BANDON,

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND

BY A PLAIN ENGLISHMAN.

"Were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN
AND GREEN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1825.

Gough, Ireland Add.



**J. Haddon, Printer,
Castle Street, Finsbury.**

INTRODUCTION.

It may not be improper to mention here the particular circumstance which induced me to turn my thoughts to the state of the people of Ireland. I chanced, on a public occasion, some four or five years ago, to be standing near the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, looking at a grand civic procession which was moving on at the moment. The Lord Mayor's coach had just passed by me, drawn by six sleek, prancing, well fed steeds.

“Well, by the powers,” exclaimed a voice behind me, “better be a coach horse in the streets of London, than a peasant in the south of Ireland.”

I turned round, upon this declaration, and perceived an individual close by me, who was evidently from the sister country, and who looked as if he had been but lately imported.

"And pray, friend," said I, addressing myself to him, "why may not a peasant in the south of Ireland, be as comfortable as a peasant elsewhere."

"Oh! faith, Sir," replied the Hibernian, "he has no objection to be as comfortable as you please, but you appear to know little about parsons and proctors, rackrenters, and absentees, and all the other devils that flay him alive; do you think if I could remain comfortable at home, that I would come over here to be looked at, and laughed at for my poverty, and to walk the streets of London without, perhaps, a penny in my pocket?"

There was something peculiarly impressive in the manner in which

these words were uttered. A bitter melancholy humour, with a deep feeling of injury, marked the voice and countenance of the person who used them. I do confess, that up to that moment, I had entertained the most unfavourable opinions of the Irish; I thought they were a people, treated like every other people, like the English, the Scotch, the French, the Americans, and that for the good treatment they were habitually receiving, they gave nothing but crime and ingratitude in return. But, suddenly, with that man's words, a thought arose in my mind, that I may have been misinformed; that the Irish may not be those irreclaimable characters, they were represented, that something may be said in their defence; that, perhaps, they were more sinned against than sinning.

I asked the Irishman, what brought him to London. He said, to get employment, but that he had hitherto failed in procuring any.

The livid colour of his lips, and his sunken cheeks, led me to suspect that he was hungry. I begged to know how he had contrived to subsist since his landing in England. He told me that he stepped upon the quay of Bristol, with two shillings and sixpence in his pocket, he travelled on foot up to London. As I may suppose, the inns on the road were not *much the better of him*. Yesterday the last penny of his money had been spent, and that he was now four and twenty hours without breaking his fast.

I gave the poor fellow a trifle, saying at the same time that I pitied him.

He received it with many expressions of affectionate veneration, and withdrew, occasionally looking back at me, as though I were very unlike others whom he had left behind him.

From that day forward, I resolved, if ever an opportunity should present it-

self, of visiting Ireland, to devote some little time in acquiring a personal knowledge of the state of that country. I said to myself, that I should see if the discontents and poverty of its people arose from themselves or from bad treatment.

During the last summer, I was enabled to gratify my wish. Being connected with a shipping-house here, I had occasion to visit the South of Ireland, for purchasing coarse linens for export. My letters being for Bandon, that place became my head quarters. I made various excursions from it in the direction of Ballyneen, the Muskerry Mountains, Clonakilty and Timoleague. I entered the houses of the peasantry, I conversed with various persons capable of giving me information. I introduced those topics which I had heard debated in England. In a word, I endeavoured to see and to hear every thing on the spot which could enable me to form a just idea of the state of Ireland.

Not being a practised writer, it is very likely that I shall not be able to throw that degree of interest round my narrative, which I would wish, but as "brevity is the soul of wit," and may consequently be some recommendation, my endeavour shall be to be as short, if not as sweet, as possible. I shall divide my story into chapters. This parcelling out of my subject will be of some assistance to myself in composing. It may also be acceptable to my readers, each chapter being a distinct substantive thing in itself.

CHAP. I.

The Bandon Inn—The argument—The opinions of various individuals on the causes of Irish misery—That of a Methodist Preacher—Reflections arising out of the circumstances of the argument.

The private business on which I had gone to Ireland being transacted, I found myself, on a Sunday evening, sitting at the "Shannon Arms Inn," Bandon, in company with seven or eight others, strangers like myself. As I intended to commence, on the following day, my tour of observation: my mind was naturally full of the subject, and on hearing one of the party remark on the miseries and misfortunes of Ireland, I thought it a fair opportunity of procuring some information on that score. It was not very difficult for me to interest those present on the state and politics of Ireland. Perceiving that I was an Englishman, and thinking that, whatever the malady of their country may be, the remedy must come from England, they appeared glad that I should make enquiries about Ireland, and all pre-

sented their views, each one being evidently solicitous to make a favourable impression upon me. Indeed if I had been a commissioner sent to enquire into the state of the country and report accordingly, they could not have been more desirous that I should entertain none other than just notions. It would be absolutely impossible for me to detail all the particulars of the conversation I had originated. Our meeting being an irregular one, those composing it often spoke without keeping to the point, at times two, three and even four would speak together, and on one occasion, they all actually stood up in declamation. However it was not difficult to see what each would be at.

A gentleman from Armagh, whom I understood to be a Roman Catholic, contended that it was absurd to expect that the country could be as it ought, as long as the laws were unequal, as long as five hundred thousand Protestants were every thing, and six millions of Catholics nothing. He appealed to my candour as an Englishman, if England or Scotland could be what they are, were the same principle of exclusion to prevail there, as in Ireland; if,

instead of all being equal, the few governed the many.

Another, who also I think was a Roman Catholic, said, that though he could not but consider Emancipation a blessing, "Still the tythe system was the great evil with him;" it mulet the people of their money, and gave them nothing in return; it brought injustice and poverty into every ploughland. Moreover, he asked, with great warmth, could there be Emancipation whilst the tythe tribute was paid? Did free-men pay tribute?

A third, who had been ejected, in the year 1819, out of a snug farm, on which he had expended fourteen hundred pounds in improvements, inveighed desperately against landlords. He said, that they were the scourges of Ireland, and the only persons fairly chargeable with all the evils of that country. They had no community of feeling with their tenantry. They considered them as beasts of burden, and often treated them worse than such.

A Dublin man who had been extensively engaged in the silk trade, prior to the Union, cursed Ab-

senteeism for every thing. He drew a distinction between the parson and the resident landlord, on the one side, and the absentee on the other; the parson, said he, may get what he does not earn, and a resident landlord may extort, but they both spend their money at home. Not so with the heartless absentee. His griping agent gathers all he can, to be spent by him in another country. The land is desolated yearly, and left so by them.

There were various other opinions stated, as to the causes of the miseries of Ireland. The conduct of the Irish magistracy; the grand-jury system; the want of trade; all these were brought forward in their turn, and there were some who found the essence of evil in each.

Towards the close of this argument, a serious, but *comfortable* personage walked into the room. He appeared to be acquainted with one or two of the company, and that sort of individual who would *cotton* with you without much ceremony. This gentleman had not been long seated, when all agreed to take his opinion on the disease of the body politic in Ireland, and its remedy:

"Well then," said he, looking profound and intoning like an oracle, "The disease of Ireland is a spiritual starvation, caused by the want of scriptural knowledge. The remedy is the bread of life and the waters of salvation."

A general burst of laughter followed this, I doubt not, most sincere opinion. It was some time, indeed, before the gravity of the meeting could be restored. Even our biblical friend himself could not refrain from smiling. He saw that no personal insult was intended to himself. Neither was there an undervaluing of religion, or of the Holy Volume. The laugh was occasioned entirely by the very opposite view which he had taken from those who had consulted him; whilst all the others thought, that a cure could be effected, only by the most powerful purgatives and applications; in came he with his "*Balm of Gilead*," to *wonder-work* in an instant.

After retiring to rest this night, I could not avoid reflecting on the topics of the evening. We, English, not being over inquisitive at home, about the religious opinions of

those with whom we converse, I had not asked, to what religious sect the various individuals, who composed the company I had left, belonged. However I clearly perceived that there were Protestants, Catholics and Dissenters among them, and that all were anxious for the improvement of Ireland. Moreover a universal sentiment seemed to prevail, that the destinies of Ireland were in the hands of England, and that if the former country continued miserable the latter would be to blame. I saw also, that though each individual had "a greater evil" of his own, still, with perhaps a solitary exception, the question was not so much about the nature of an alleged evil, as about the degree in which it was injurious. Thus, though one person thought the tythe system a greater evil than absenteeism, and another the inequality of the laws worse than both together, yet if the meeting were to be polled, and the question put, "whether for instance, the tythe system were an evil," there would be a majority to decide that it was, and so if the question were to be put on absenteeism, the penal code, or any other reputed plague of Ireland.

I must declare that before I closed my eyes this night, I began to entertain very serious doubts respecting all the charges which had been rung in England against the Irish people and peasantry. The poor man at the Royal Exchange had first caused me to suspect that I might have been misinformed. The result of the discussion at the Bandon Inn nearly convinced me that such must have been the case. If, thought I, all those evils exist in Ireland, of which those gentlemen speak, it of necessity follows that the people must be degraded, impoverished and discontented. Of this, I felt fully satisfied that the English and Scotch, though characteristically less sensitive than the Irish, would never brook such. They do not practice passive obedience, and they scorn those who preach it. However on the morrow I was to have ocular demonstration of the state of Ireland, and to draw my conclusions from personal observation.

CHAP. II.

A ride west of Bandon—The Physician—Comparative comforts of the Irish and English population—Two churches in Ireland—The Physician's propositions—Description of an Irish cabin, its furniture and inmates—A peasant must procure 24 shillings for the Parson, though his sick wife may perish in want of a little refreshing food—A conversation on the nature of the Church Establishment in Ireland—Character of the Protestant Clergy—Church property, national—Views of the Catholic Clergy, and of the Tythe payers—Prospect of Ballineen, and of "Parson's Paradise."

Having breakfasted early on Monday morning, and mounted a horse which had been provided for me by the Inn-keeper, I proceeded forthwith in a westerly direction along the south bank of the river Bandon. As I moved slowly onward, I must acknowledge that I paid little attention to the scenery around; my thoughts were still on the conversation of the preceding evening. I reflected that if there were comfort and content in my native country, or in Scotland, there was but one church in

either of those places to draw from the earnings of the people; that they had a resident nobility and gentry; and that, if exclusion on the ground of religion existed, it affected the minority only. I knew that prosperity could be found only where the laws which governed were equal, where industry was protected, fostered and rewarded, and I saw England possessed of all those blessings which Ireland was said to want, rising into superior importance and magnitude.

I had advanced three or four miles pursuing these reflections, when my horse, which was rather shy, suddenly started, and was near bringing me to the ground. A Gentleman who chanced to be riding at the time, a few yards in front of me, noticed the circumstance, and remarked on my lucky escape. This led to a conversation between us, and as we were going in the same direction, we travelled together. I soon perceived, from a learned description of the weather and its influence upon different constitutions, that my companion was a physician, and I took no trouble to conceal from him that I was a stranger, and wished to be acquainted with the condition of the people of Ireland.

"Really, then," quoth the Doctor, "if you wish to be acquainted with the condition of the people of Ireland, you shall not have to travel far, when your wish will be gratified. I need not tell you, Sir, that it is merely sufficient for a man to look around him in this country, to observe a material difference between affairs here and in England."

To this I assented, remarking that having travelled from Cork to Bandon, late in the evening and in a covered vehicle, I did not know much of the country to the East, but that the most superficial observer must notice a marked contrast between the dress and the abodes of the Irish and those of the English.

"Oh yes," rejoined my companion with a significant nod. "The English and the Scotch manage matters much better than we do. They don't care how much trade, commerce or manufacturing they have; but they take very good care they shall not have too much religion. For the Irish was reserved the extraordinary merit of supporting a clergy they want and a clergy they don't want."

"I perceive, then, Sir," said I, "you do not view the church establishment of your country in the light of a blessing."

"As a blessing!!" repeated the Doctor, with a smile of the most exquisite contempt on his countenance for all such blessings; "No, Sir, it was 'conceived in sin and born in iniquity.'"

I hastily asked if he applied those words to the Protestant Religion.

He said, "By no means. The church establishment, and the Protestant Religion were quite distinct things, as much so, as Judas' money bag and the ark of the covenant."

The Doctor, upon learning from me, that I intended to return to Bandon in the afternoon, informed me that he had to pay a sick visit to a house about half a mile off the high road. If I would accompany him thither, he should probably read there a chapter on Irish misery. He would then ride on with me to Enisheane, Ballyneen, and we could both return to Bandon together. I gladly acceded to this proposal, and

having committed ourselves to the windings of a by-road, in about fifteen minutes, we arrived at the house of the Doctor's patient.

Those who have never travelled out of England, and who see the dwelling of even the poorest man there, the home of neatness, cleanliness and comfort, can form no idea whatever of the miserable cabins of the Irish peasantry. An Englishman may consign his enemy to the worst, but he would not lodge his brute beast in the best of them. The one into which I then entered with the Doctor, was far from being the most wretched of the kind I had seen; however it may be taken as a fair specimen. Its walls consisted of mud clay, without any species of plaster, the roof of turf. There was no window in it, if we except a square of slate through which three holes had been perforated. In front, a pit full of fetid water was to be seen, and on either side of the door a buttress of dung. Such was the exterior of the house, the Hibernian of the Royal Exchange had fled, and methought he must have been wicked indeed not to have deserved a better. Felons and murderers are more comfortably accommodated even in Ireland.

But the interior of this mansion was not calculated to give any relief to the picture. At first, with the smoke, notwithstanding the light which descended through the roof and chimney, it was almost impossible to descry any thing within the threshold. However, I soon perceived, that if the furniture of the place were sold by auction, the auctioneer's fees would not have been covered by the purchase money. There was literally nothing there entitled to the name of furniture. The earthen floor was broken in various places, and one cavity in the centre afloat with water. In the north-eastern angle of the room (for this was all the house) lay some loads of potatoes, in the north-western, a heap of turf. The family bed-straw was stretched on the right of the door, that of the pig on the left. Overhead some shingles were thrown with a plentiful entablature of cobwebs, filth and turf dust. With the exception of a table, a chair, two pots, three piggins, and a basin, the inmates of this house were as independent of the arts and sciences, as the birds of the air, or the fishes of the sea. But—for the inmates themselves, verily, they suited the house, and the house suited them. To those who see the ear-goes of Irish squalidness that are yearly dis-

charged on the quays of Liverpool and Bristol, it may be superfluous to describe the dress of those they have left behind them. Suffice it to say, that there were in this house, six individuals, comprising the mother, who was lying sick in an ague; her four children and her own mother. The last mentioned was of meagre aspect and barefooted, clad in rags and nastiness. Two of the children were in a state of perfect nudity. A third had a tattered jacket on him, with a shirt which hung in front to his knees, but left his posteriors naked. The remaining one, a little female, was not much better attired.

The Doctor stood by the sick woman's bed, if that can be called a bed which consisted of a wad of straw and the remains of an old carpet. There were large stones ranged along the side and foot to prevent the straw from spreading.

After some other questions, he asked the sick woman if she had taken what he had ordered on the last day.

She faintly answered, "No."

"And why not," demanded the Doctor. She said that "her husband had made every exertion to get a little money for the purpose, but had not succeeded."

"Where is her husband?" demanded the doctor, turning to the old woman who was standing at the foot of the bed.

"He is gone, Sir, yonder to Parson——."

"For what," said the Doctor, "is it to get any thing from him?"

"No, Sir, to pay him four and twenty shillings, for the tythe of the last year!!!"

The Doctor looked at me with a countenance which spoke much. I inclined my head forward, but said nothing.

Having tarried in this mansion of wretchedness about half an hour, we mounted our horses and returning the way we came, we soon found ourselves on the high road again.

On leaving the house, the Doctor said to me

that he thought he had presented me with one of those views of Irish society, which I had come to witness. He had directed the poor creature, whose bedside we had left, to get a little refreshing food; but though her husband was obliged to find four and twenty shillings for a parson he never employed; he could not spare four pence for his sick wife.

I asked him if those people were Catholics, "Yes, they are Catholics," said he, "and yet, in the name of Christian justice, they are called upon (miserable as you behold them) to support a Clergy they disown, and build churches they never enter. Oh, Sir," exclaimed the doctor feelingly, "It is a bad system. Discontents, heart-burnings, and blood-shed are too often the fruits of it."

I think I muttered to myself, "No wonder."

The doctor and myself now entered deeply into the whole system of the Church Establishment of Ireland. The population of the sister country was seven millions. Thirteen fourteenths of these were Catholics or Dissenters. Only one fourteenth Protestants. The immense church

and Glebe lands, which should go to the Clergy of all, went to the Clergy of the one fourteenth, and yet the people had to pay tythes and church-rates to the latter. We formed a comparison between Ireland and England. We saw many millions of the reformed church governed in the latter country by twenty six Bishops, and we saw an establishment of twenty-two Bishops kept up in Ireland for five hundred thousand people. I, episodically, expressed my fear lest the sick woman should die for want of nourishment, and the doctor spoke of a certain Irish prelate who had amassed three hundred thousand pounds.*

Whilst we were thus conversing, a gentleman in black, and two ladies, drove by us in an elegant phaeton. I observed that they eyed myself rather inquisitively, and that my companion who had been inveighing loudly against the tythe system, lowered his voice pretty suddenly as they passed.

"Who are those, pray?" said I to the Doctor.

"That Gentleman," replied he in a whisper,

"is the Parson to whom the poor man took the four and twenty shillings. The ladies with him are his wife and daughter."

The shepherd, thought I with myself, is very comfortable, but, his flock is his family.

I asked the Doctor what was the general character of the Protestant Clergymen of Ireland. Here let me remark, that, whatever objections he had to the Church Establishment, and I must confess that I now shared many with him, he was perfectly candid, and could distinguish the good man from the bad system with which he may be connected. The Doctor informed me that, as far as his observations went, the Protestant Clergy, were a moral, a learned, and a highly respectable body of men. Considered as individuals, and apart from the system, they were perfectly unobjectional. However, that as matters stood, they possessed neither religious, moral, nor political influence. They were absolutely loathsome in the eyes of the people. Acts which in other men would be highly praiseworthy, were in them censurable or indifferent.

"The people," said I, "view them as locusts

sent to devour their industry, and as such detest them."

"Precisely so," added the Doctor; "Perhaps that sick woman we visited, or her aged parent, had been twenty-four weeks spinning flax, at two pence a day, for the money which her husband gave to the Parson."

"The Parson," said I.

"Horrible," said I.

"The Parson," said I.

"Oh! Sir," continued he, "your friends in England know very little of the state of things here. They are astonished when they hear of the turbulence of the Irish peasantry, but you, I presume, would not be now astonished, even though that turbulence had been greater."

I expressed a wish that Parliament may interfere, and, without detriment to existing interests, abolish the tithes system. I intimated at the same time, that some persons were of opinion, that the power of the legislature did not extend to ecclesiastical property.

The doctor here drew up, and addressing me from his saddle as from a throne of light, de-

clared that the advocates of the inviolability of church property, could never get harmless out of the following dilemma.

“When the legislature transferred the church property, in the reigns of Henry and Edward, it had the right of transfer or it had not. If it had the right of transfer then, it has the same now. If it had it not then, the property ought to be returned to its real owners.”

I confess I did not attempt to encounter the horns of this dilemma. I contented myself with asking, if the Catholics of Ireland wished to place the tythes and the church property in the hands of their Pastors.

The reply, which I received to this enquiry was highly complimentary to the philosophy of the Catholic Clergy, and to the good sense of the people of their communion. I was informed that the Catholic Clergy were content with their present rate and mode of payment, that they did not think that religion was advanced by excessive wealth, and that the Catholic people were desirous to throw off the load of the Church infinitely more with a view to their own relief,

than to that of the enrichment of their Priesthood.

We had now travelled nearly eight miles due west of Bandon, when we ascended a lofty hill which commanded a most extensive view of the surrounding country. I was particularly struck with the scenery along the north-bank of the river Bandon. It was all delightful up-land—Palace Anne, the romantic seat of the Beamish family—the small picturesque towns placed at regular intervals, studding as it were the landscape—the wood and the water—all combined to render this sunny prospect absolutely enchanting. But there was between us and this scene a valley, through which the river ran, distinguished for its fertility, and with superior improvements. In it were three noble mansions, and all around bespoke hereditary fortune, or successful industry. I looked down upon this spot as Moses did upon the promised land. I asked my companion the name of the valley beneath us. He told me that the district at large was called Ballyneen, but that the particular spot, which attracted my attention, had been baptized some thirty years ago, “Parson’s Paradise.”

"Parson's Paradise," repeated I interrogatively, "Yes," replied the doctor, "those three seats are occupied by Clergymen of the Establishment." "If so," said I, "their's is a heaven on earth; but all the tythe payers do not seem to participate in their enjoyment."

My readers must conclude, that by this time I entertained no very favourable opinion of the Church Establishment of Ireland—that I thought the *Hibernian* at the Royal Exchange had one grievance at least to complain of, and that Parliament may, and ought to redress it.

The remainder of this day I devoted to the towns of Ennis Keane, Ballyneen, and Moragh. In the evening I enjoyed the hospitalities of the doctor's table in Bandon.

CHAP. III.

An excursion to the Muskerry Mountains. The poverty on the way.—An enquiry concerning the residence of the Landlords.—Prospect from one of the Muskerry Mountains.—The “entertainment for man and horse house.”—The old couple.—Their Son obliged to go to America for want of employment.—The Scotch Gentleman.—A conversation with him on Absenteeism.—Four millions expended annually out of Ireland, according to the Bishop of Chester.—Absenteeism, and the Butter trade of Cork.—Comparative Trade of England and Ireland.

Tuesday was as fine as the heart of man could desire, sunny and cloudless. I rode out a few miles to the north of Bandon, and descried the Muskerry Mountains far remote from me. I said, “I would go among them.” The distance was considerable, but my horse was good, and time my own.

There being no direct road to these mountains, I was necessarily obliged to find the shortest route myself, and many a high road, and by-road,

and hill, and dale, had I to cross in my journey thither. An Englishman travelling through certain parts of Ireland, labours under a great disadvantage, in not being acquainted with the Irish tongue. To be sure, there is scarcely a district, in which he may not find several persons capable of conversing in English, but if he do not chance to fall in with such, he must depend altogether upon his eye, for the state of the country. Such, in a great measure was my case this day.—Seven tenths of those I interrogated, knew none other than their native tongue; however, it was easy to discern, from their countenance and manner, that they were well disposed to satisfy my enquiries if possible.

In my progress towards the Muskerry Mountains, I met few who were not labourers or beggars, the latter roaming about for alms, the former, in search of employment. Indeed it was difficult to distinguish the one class from the other. The beggar was attired as well as the labourer, and the labourer as wretchedly as the beggar. The cabins too in every direction, were any thing but suitable residences for human creatures. Even the horse itself was stunted in

its growth and impoverished in its living—a half fed animal like its master—I do not exactly know what suggested the question, but I repeatedly asked, when viewing this misery, “who was the landlord of the soil?” I was told, “my Lord such a one, and Mr. such a one.” I asked where they resided, “was it there,” pointing to some fine house. “No, Sir,” was the reply, “that is the parson’s, and that other is the agent’s. The head landlord is in England, or in France. We never see him.”

About two o’clock I had reached the foot of one of the highest of the mountains, and ascending its rugged side, gained a commanding view of a considerable portion of the province of Munster. On the west lay the county of Kerry, on the north, the county of Limerick, and on the south, and east, extensive districts of the county of Cork. Placed on this lofty eminence, amidst the wildest mountains, and of the wild Irish too, I gave looser reins to my imagination than Englishmen of business are usually wont. I also had some historical recollections connected with the spot upon which I then stood. The days of Cromwell, and the successes of

Lord Broghill came across my mind, but as they passed, I hailed them not with a patriotic exultation. My short intercourse with the Irish, told me they were injured in some things. Increased experience may prove to me that they had reason to complain of more. I could not, then, rejoice at victories which may have generated slaves.

Having remained in this position till I had completely taken in the wide prospect around me, I descended in a northern direction towards a small village which was situate in the neighbourhood, and through which a high road ran—Arrived here—I had to look about me for some time, for a place of refreshment. At length I discovered over the door of an Irish caravansary, a sign-board, embellished with the hieroglyphic of a “black bottle,” and its accompanying interpretation, “Entertainment for man and horse.” There being no choice to exercise, in the variety of hotels, I ordered oats for my steed, and whatever the place could afford for myself. That which the place could afford was indifferent enough, but the description of it would be of no consequence to my readers. Suffice it to say,

that it was very unlike what a traveller may get in any part of England. The hall of entertainment was quite in keeping—a long, dark, damp room, with a clay floor. Its furniture consisted of two narrow tables, two forms, with three or four rickety, back-broken chairs.

I had not been seated here long, when an elderly man and woman entered the room, and took their places opposite to me. The man was calm, though he evidently laboured under some strong feeling. But the woman moved her head in a manner indicative of the deepest affliction. She sobbed aloud, and with her check apron dried the tears which were fast flowing from her.—Being anxious to know the latent cause of all this, I expressed a hope that no misfortune had befallen them.—They immediately told me that they were after parting on the road with their son, who was going to Cork, to embark for America. The poor woman added, “she had buried his brother a few years before. She expected that both her boys would be over her grave, but now they were all gone. God help her.”

I was sensibly affected.

I asked them, why their son was for leaving his native country? Could he not remain at home? To this question they replied, "that he was an honest, and an industrious boy, but that he could not procure employment, that there were no gentlemen living in the country, and that, those who had any thing to do, would work a poor man to death, and give him nothing for it after."

Having taken a little refreshment, these poor people withdrew, but as they were retiring, a Scotch gentleman, who was travelling in a chaise towards the city of Cork, stopped at the "Entertainment for man and horse" house, and walked into the sitting room. As I wished to fall into conversation with this person, I made the story of the old couple the means of effecting my object. He was a shrewd intelligent man, and had been employed by some speculators in London, to travel through Ireland. Having traversed that country in all directions, and conversed with many men of business in it, he was particularly well acquainted with all its circumstances. When I had told him that the poor people complained of there being no gentlemen in the country, he smiled,

and requested of me to walk over towards the window.

"Look," said he, "northwards, for nearly forty miles in that direction, including portions of the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, there is scarcely an acre that is not absentee property. Here are the vast estates of lord Cork, there, those of lords Arden and Egmont. I have it on the best authority that those noblemen never spend a farthing in Ireland."

"Perhaps," I observed, "there may be good reason why noblemen, and gentlemen of fortune should wish to live out of the country."

"No," rejoined the Scotchman, "Nothing can sanction a man, who derives a princely fortune from a country, in abandoning that country. He may wish to flaunt in a fashionable court; but his first duty is to see that his people, and those who labour for his good, are comfortable. Do you not observe the wretchedness and misery, which present themselves wherever you turn your face? It is my firm belief that, if the landlords of Ireland were to remain at home, and act as those of any other

part of the world, scarcely a vestige of it would be seen."

"I perceived that the Caledonian had not a more favourable opinion of absentees than the Hibernian at the Royal Exchange, and I endeavoured to procure from him as much information as possible."

"I asked him what he supposed to be the amount of Irish property annually spent out of the country by absentees."

He said that he had travelled through every county of Ireland, and that from local information, and other sources, he believed it not to fall short of four millions." (I may here remark, by the way, that this calculation has been adopted by the Bishop of Chester, in his famous speech against Catholic emancipation.) He then went into various calculations, to show the loss which Ireland sustained, from this draining of her treasure. He said that, at the rate labourers were paid in that country, if a sum of *four millions* were expended by its owners, for their own advantage, in labour, *one million, seven hundred thousand souls*^d would be provided for,

allowing five and a half for the family of each poor man that would be so employed.

Having observed to him that absenteeism was considered a great evil by some persons: he asserted, that there could be no second opinion on that subject. The people of Ireland ought to cry loudly, and bitterly against it. Next to the church establishment, which he would always consider the great bone of the country. ("The Presbyterians paid no second clergy in Scotland. The Protestants paid no second Clergy in England." Why should six millions of Catholics pay a second Clergy in Ireland?") next to that church establishment, he ranked absenteeism as an evil. "Let," said he, "the cotton trade of Glasgow, or, as we are in Ireland, the butter trade of Cork, be taken. Let us suppose that the people of Cork, gain sixty thousand pounds a year by their trade in butter. Would not he be a friend who would double their trade? Would not he be an enemy who would take it away? How does the absentee differ from that enemy? Does he not take his sixty thousand pounds, if not from Cork, from Ireland, and spend them among strangers?"

I did not know whether or not I was justified in hazarding a joke with such a casual acquaintance; however I said that the Irish must have good reason to complain of Absenteeism, when Scotch gentlemen who were not remarkably fond of home themselves, were found to condemn it so heartily. To this he replied with a smile, that Scotchmen were as patriotic as other people, and that if they left their native home, it was to make fortunes and not to spend them.

My worthy Northern now imagined it possible that one of those Absentees who had hitherto spent so much out of the country, should think proper to live in it and build and furnish a mansion for his residence. I think I have him before me at this present moment, recounting the long catalogue of industrious people, who would be benefitted by such a circumstance.

He commenced with the Timber Merchant, the Quarry man, the Architect, the Carpenter, the Mason, the Slater, the Nailor, the Painter, the Labourer, the Ironmonger. He drew breath and proceeded with the Cabinet Maker, the Upholsterer, the Glass blower, the Brazier, the

Woollen draper, the Potter, the Silversmith, the Paper-stainer. He closed with the Coach-maker the Harness-man, the Haberdasher and the Stationer.

"If," exclaimed this calculator, "the Lords of the soil in Ireland were to foster industry at home as they are bound, neither would those poor people of whom you spoke be heart-broken at the banishment of their child; nor would the rags and misery of men, who are driven by neglect to seek bread elsewhere, be hawked about the streets of Liverpool, or of London to be gazed at, loathed or laughed at."

I thought the day was advancing, but I also thought of the Hibernian at the Royal Exchange!

The Scotch traveller was full of the subject of Irish Absneteeism and proceeded: "But the direct loss which this system entails, is not the only one. There is another and a greater. By depriving the country of its natural capital and home market, it cuts off every hope of its rising as a manufacturing and commercial nation.

Contrast the export trade of England with that of Ireland, it is ten times greater. The trade of Dublin exceeds that of any other Irish port. There are nine ports in England, the trade of the meanest of which exceeds that of Dublin. I have reason to know that the ships tonnage and men of the port of Liverpool are *thirteen times* greater than those of Dublin and those of the port of London, *twenty-five times* greater.¹ I have come over here myself to see if British capital can be profitably invested in this country. It may, and I admit, that some service may be done : but, he who thinks that English capital will confer on Ireland that comfort which no foreign capital has effected in England, is a fool or a madman. Rely upon it, Sir, added the Scotchman, rising from his seat and addressing himself to me with a very creditable feeling, the poor people of this country have very good reason for complaining of Absentees."

I could not but concur in the gentleman's opinions. Accordingly, as we both had a considerable way to travel, we left "the entertainment for man and horse house" together, interchanged civilities, and parted.

I did not get back to Bandon before a late hour this evening. As I returned, I thought I could see numberless illustrations of what the Scotchman advanced and myself credited.

CHAP. IV.

A trip to Clonakilty.—Description of the Country and Population along the road.—The Humourist.—The Petty Sessions Court of Clonakilty.—The Exhibition there.—The Tythe Plaintiff.—Reporting Magisterial Proceedings.—The People have reason to think that the administration of justice is corrupt.—The Great Man's Steward.—Opinion regarding the Institution of Petty Sessions.—The Square or "the West End" of Clonakilty.—The Linen Trade of that place.—Between two and three hundred Flax Spinners labour all the year round, to give a thousand per annum to a Parson.

I was so fatigued after my excursion on Tuesday, that I spent the following day at my lodgings.

The atmosphere on Thursday was particularly heavy. However, I mounted the Skibbereen Coach and proceeded for Clonakilty. The road from Bandon to this place, (the distance, I think, is ten Irish miles,) is excellent, but the surrounding country is any thing save interesting. It presents to the eye no extensive plain, no rug-

ged lofty mountain. It undulates insignificantly in hilly risings, on whose summit there is no tree, and at whose foot there is no water. I do not think that I have any where met a much barer country. It is naked of all improvement like the miserable beings by whom it is cultivated.

It is impossible for a stranger to pass this western road without being horror-struck at the droves of ragged boys, whose sole employment it is to follow the mail, perhaps for miles, in expectation of a halfpenny from a traveller. Youths of thirteen and fourteen years of age, who in England may be earning competent wages, are here seen pursuing this degrading and melancholy occupation,

This would have been a dull journey, if all lay in the prospect; but there was a gentleman with us, whose song, humour, wit and blunder would have enlivened any thing. A bill of costs in Chancery would look gay beside him. For seven miles, not one single moment did he cease singing, whistling, humming, joking or laughing. His figure was completely of the comic kind, bonny and dapper, the paunch round, back rather

hunched, the head stuck on the shoulders, not rising out of the neck, the eyes small and smiling, they shot from the heights of two plump cheeks, between which the nose was lost. He commenced his career of merriment by demanding of the coachman,

"What pleasure can compare
With the hunting of a hare?"

to which query the coachman made no reply. He repeated his demand, but the other "kept his own counsel." Upon this, turning to one of the passengers, in whose face there certainly was much of the gravity of the Sanhedrim, he sung as he asked,

What Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar,
Holy, H. H. H. H. H. H. H. Friar.

The Sanhedrim was silent, but the interrogator was not to go without an answer. He looked towards myself with an expression of countenance, that said, "Sir, any thing of the Shandaic in your composition?" Lives any one "half so well as a Holy Friar?" "No, friend," replied I, "none half so well as a Holy Friar, or

any one that's holy." He was satisfied. Not a cow or calf, goat or goose, man, woman or child, that did not afford our traveller matter of amusement. The beast of the field said nothing. Not so with the Lords of the creation. Some of the latter returned the joke humourously enough, more with a tremendous scowl. We were particularly entertained by one Knight of most rueful countenance. From the length of his face, one would suppose that he was on the high road for a colloquy with his Landlord. "Whither are you bound, Blue Beard?" cried our friend on the Box. "Ask the Devil your grandfather, you scoundrel," replied the other, at which we all laughed. The humourist was a little disconcerted; but as his opponent withdrew, he sung most plaintively,

" 'Tis thus we part from all we love,
From all the ties that bind us,
From Bob and Joan and Jack and Gill,
And Paddy Whack behind us."

"Damn you Jack," says our little dapper to the coachman, "I have got a son since I travelled with you last." "Faith, then, Sir," quoth the latter, "if he be as good a man as his father he will be a fine fellow." "Oh! Jack," rejoined

the father, "if you may depend upon it he'll be a fine fellow." It was natural, and though we all smiled, it was not with contempt.

A tremendous shower of rain came on. It threw a momentary damp on poor Joe Miller. Said I, "this gentleman has upheld me, I must now support him under this weight of evil that is falling on him," "really, Sir," quoth I, addressing myself to him, "we are greatly indebted to you for lightening the journey on us, we should have passed along soberly enough, had it not been for you." To which he replied, "By the law, Sir, we might as well be merry as sad,—"

Fol fol de rol lol

Fol fol de rol lol

Fol fol de rol lol, Fol de rol, Fol de rol lol;"

which he continued for at least a mile and a half, when he left us. As he passed up an avenue off the high road, he took his farewell of the coachman, singing,

Go where glory waits thee,

But when fame elates thee,

Jack, remember me."

Never did Momus boast of a truer disciple.

The coach arrived at Clonakilty some few minutes after one. Having no introduction to any of the inhabitants, and no previous knowledge of the place, I rambled carelessly about, not taking particular notice of any matter, till I observed a group of peasantry standing by a door, and one or two policemen guarding it.

I asked, "what place that was," and received for answer, that it was "the petty sessions court of Clonakilty."

Having heard a good deal of Irish magistrates and Irish justice, it occurred to me that an opportunity was offered of procuring some information on that subject. Accordingly, passing the sentinels at the first door, and proceeding by a long dark entry, I came to a second door which opened on the justice room. Here also a policeman was stationed. Having pushed back a peasant who sought admittance, he suffered me to walk in. On entering the room, which was crowded to excess by persons seemingly of a better description (two magistrates were seated on a sofa in the centre,) I instantly perceived

that there was something of extraordinary interest on the tapis. There was on the countenance of almost every individual present that unsettled expression, which indicates that some all-important step has been taken or is to take place. There seemed to be a temporary suspension of business. One of the magistrates fixed his eyes with sullenness on the floor, and then seemingly unconscious that there were intellectual beings about him, rivetted them on the ceiling—the other scribbled with his pen, and next dashed it from his hand as though it were a murderer: the clerk too, who sat opposite the magistrates, laboured in his vocation, and appeared to turn his thoughts as he did his head, every way.

“I asked a gentleman, who stood by me, the cause of all this, “was there any disturbance in the country? had any extensive robbery or deep laid conspiracy been detected?” “No, Sir,” said he, but (with an all absorbing importance of countenance,) that young man (pointing to a person with a pencil and a slip of paper) is going to report the proceedings of the magistrates.”

“And what does that matter,” rejoined I.

"Oh! but," continued he, "we expect that the magistrates will put him out."

"For what?" demanded I.

"Why, for reporting."

"For reporting!" I repeated, evidently astonished at this declaration: "What," said I, "can the magistrates be ashamed or afraid of their proceedings being made public? I have heard of depositions in cases of murder and high treason being received in private, but I never heard of any objection to the publicity of the general run of magisterial business."

The gentleman looked at me, as if I had seven heads, and not a pennyweight of sense in all of them. Not being, as it would appear, one exactly after his own heart, he soon withdrew from me, to join the chief constable. This latter person was posted behind the magistrates, and was far from being an indifferent spectator.

After the lapse of some time a reply was given by the justices to a question, which, I presume, had been proposed by the young man

with the pencil and paper, prior to my coming. One of them told him, in a voice scarcely audible, that he would not prevent him from reporting. The other justice followed by saying that he would not prevent him *that day*.

The particular leaning of the bench was clear; still this announcement was received with surprise, and in a few moments the greater part of the by-standers paired off, evidently dissatisfied and disappointed.

I was determined to probe this affair to the bottom. Accordingly making my way by degrees to a little ruddy faced gentleman (whom I noticed, on two or three occasions, speaking with the reporter, and who, from that circumstance I thought was likely to give me information,) I requested of him, after some common place questions, to explain to me the scene which had just past before me.

"You appear, then, Sir," said he, "to be an entire stranger."

I replied that I had no local knowledge of Clonakilty before that day.

"Perhaps, then," added he, "you are also unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances of this country?"

I told him that I was acquainted with some of those circumstances, and that I conceived them greatly in want of reform.

He thought he had found a kindred spirit.

"If so, Sir," said he emphatically, "very few parsons, proctors, landlords or agents, policemen, magistrates or corporators think as you do, and hence they would throw every impediment in the way of those who would furnish you or me with those facts which constitute the basis of our opinions. You must be well aware that all the minutiae of the tythe and toll systems, of rackrenting, of charges against police, gentlefolks and the like, come before the magistrate. Now if these cannot bear the light, all those connected with them must necessarily be disgraced by exposure. Hence the proceeding respecting which you have questioned me. That young man, with whom you may have seen me speaking, thought proper to report the proceedings of this court; a very harmless under-

taking one would suppose. However, all at once, every man who had the power to oppress the poor, rose up in arms against him. It was rumoured during the last week, that he was to be put out this day. You must have seen that the room was crowded to excess. Churchmen, corporators, rackrenters, policemen, revenue officers and soldiers, the tag rag and bobtail, all thronged together to witness his humiliation; but the magistrates had heard something of a letter to the Lord Chancellor and of other matters—petitions to parliament—and were obliged to disappoint the hopes of the company. You saw yourself, how ungracefully the concession was made.”

At this moment a tythe case was called on, and one of the magistrates, being a clergyman, withdrew. His place was immediately occupied by another justice—and the tythe plaintiff himself, familiarly took his seat on the magisterial sofa. I thought that with a decent regard to justice, the latter might have sat or stood elsewhere.

One of the tythe payers begged mercy for a

few days. It was granted, but then the plaintiff authoritatively ordered the police to "turn that fellow out."

Another case of the same kind followed, and the plaintiff ordered the petitioner "to be turned out, and be damned to him."

I looked astonished at proceedings of this kind, and, turning to my ruddy faced informant, said, that, if justice were not really corrupt in Ireland, I feared the poor man had too much reason to suspect it so.

The gentleman remarked that I had now ocular demonstration of the mode in which minor jurisdictions were conducted in Ireland. "The publicity of the proceeding you have now witnessed, will annoy the magistrates and tythe-people beyond measure." I afterwards learned, that such was actually the case. A magistrate, who was also a tythe owner stopped, on the high road, the young man, that took the notes, informed him that tythe cases did not come within the scope of his observation, and that, if he should attempt to take cognizance of such, he

would put him out of that court in which *he, the tythe magistrate*, could not act as a judge, but might often appear as a party.

A walk through the town was now proposed to me, and, accordingly, I left the sessions room.—Whilst pacing over the eastern division of this place, I asked my Clonakilty acquaintance, if he really thought that the institution of petty sessions was calculated to serve the country. “By all means,” replied he, “if publicity be allowed, otherwise corruption has taken deeper root than ever. Formerly, when the magistrate acted in his individual capacity, there was some, though indeed a trifling security in his personal responsibility. Now, if publicity be prevented, there is no security whatever. A decision may be grossly ignorant, or profligately corrupt; but the ignorance or the corruption is not mine, nor is it your’s. It is that of every body, and of no body. *It is that of the bench.* However publicity would answer every end that could be expected. It would either awe the magistracy into propriety; or, by exposing them to the proper authorities, visit them with merited castigation.”

At this instant a rough, featured man, well mounted, rode by us.

"Do you see," said my Cicerone, "the man who has just passed us. He is steward to a noble lord, who resides in this neighbourhood. Some time ago he committed a violent assault upon a man of the name of Deasy. Deasy applied to four or five magistrates to take informations, but all refused. An action was afterwards commenced, and though the complainant could meet no countenance from the magistrates, the defendant was glad to compromise the matter at a loss of £40. Now, if Deasy were to make a similar application this day at the petty sessions, and entire publicity allowed, I warrant you, either his informations would be received, or the country would incur the hazard of being minus the magisterial wisdom that should reject them."

We had now got into what from its situation and relative superiority was fashionably termed, "The west end." It consisted principally of a square; the houses of which by no means corresponded with the prevailing mediocrity of the

place and the universal pauperism, as far as I could learn, of the country round.—In truth, the Hibernian of the Royal Exchange, could not have seen much better houses from Tower Hill to Temple bar.

My conductor saw my perplexity, and thus ended it, "That house, Sir," said he, "is occupied by a parson; that, by a proctor; that, by a county rate collector; that, by the recorder; that, by a custom-house officer; that, by a tax-gatherer."—"Hold, hold friend," cried I, interrupting him in this catalogue, "I understand every thing perfectly well. I thought these houses might have been occupied by useful industry. I now perceive that I was mistaken. In England we have merchants, traders, and manufacturers; in Ireland you have proctors, tollmen, and tax-gatherers."

We now moved towards the linen hall.—The building was not worth notice. I asked the gentleman, who was with me, how those in the linen trade were circumstanced, "were they comfortable?"

"Very comfortable," replied he, "I was in the

sessions court the other day, and one of them said, that, indeed, he never wanted potatoes, and he could *sport* a clean shirt every five weeks."

I begged to know at what rate they were paid.

He told me that, when the question of reducing the bounties on the export of linens was agitated, it appeared from statements, that a weaver might earn from eight-pence to a shilling in sixteen hours; and a flax-spinner a shilling or fifteen-pence a week.* My informant, now, as if suddenly inspired, shot into a calculation of the number of flax-spinners, that should be in requisition, as he said, to make up a thousand a year for a parson. The number he conjured up, was so oppressively and unconscionably great, that I vowed, rather than make one of them, I would try my fortune even at the Royal Exchange:

It was now four o'clock, and I wished to be informed how I could most conveniently return to Bandon.

"You shall dine with me first," said my ruddy faced friend, "and my horse is at your service after."

There is something irresistibly persuasive in the manner in which an Irishman invites you to partake of his hospitalities.—Our countrymen do not grudge you a dinner, but they merely ask you to their table. An Irishman literally *invites* you—You confer an obligation on him. He frankly and truly tells you, that you would make him happy. I made no point of accepting an invitation thus heartily given. During the evening, I obtained from my host many important particulars connected with the general state of the country.

I arrived in Bandon by ten o'clock.

It may not be irregular to observe here, that I met my Clonakilty entertainer, sometime ago, in London. He told me that the young man continued to take notes at the petty sessions, that, in the reports published, certain matters of interest connected with the tythe system and manor charges had come out, that the proctors,

corporators, and rack-renters, still hated reporting, but that, when any one of them was exposed, the rest uniformly rejoiced, so anxious were they, severally, to throw the odium of the public poverty off their own shoulders. He also stated, that the police had been considerably civilized; and that, so long as the press kept a watchful eye on them the proper authorities would.

CHAP. V.

Effect of the preceding excursions—A ride to the south-west of Brandon—The Bessant and the Proctor, on a picture of the church militant—The landlord and the tenant—The distraint—An accidental meeting with an old friend in the Constabulary—The subject of Irish landlord and tenant—General character of Irish landlords—Instances of hardships on the part of tenants—Head-landlords, Agents, and Middlemen—A case of rack-rent—Rink rates, but no poor rates in Ireland—Road-jobbing parsons—The committee on the state of Ireland—The Abbey of Timoleague.

It will be readily believed, that, by this time, a considerable change had been effected in my notions regarding the Irish peasantry, and that, if I had possessed the information, which a few excursions had since given me, I should not have been so entirely astonished at the exclamation of the Hibernian, when the horses, which drew the Lord Mayor's coach, pranced by him so enviably, at the Royal Exchange. On the first day of my rambling, I clearly perceived that the Irish tythe system was oppressive and

disgraceful—oppressive to those who laboured under it, and—disgraceful to those who supported it. If a man is to pay for the way he goes, and the way he does not go, let not religion be dragged in to justify the extortion. Again, if the religious labourer is worthy of his hire, let him expect it from those only who hire him. On the second day, I saw that abstinence entailed an enormous evil on the country, and on Thursday, I certainly received no very favourable impression, with respect to the administration of Irish justice.

However it was my intention to make one or two excursions more, and something may arise in those to revive my old opinions, or to confirm within me what I may now consider my new.

On Friday, I proceeded in a south-westerly direction from Bandon. I visited Timoleague, and traversed a considerable portion of the Barony of Ibaune and Barryroe. I also passed over no small part of what, I think, is called the east division of East Carberry.

Before I enter into a regular detail of the events of this day, I may be allowed to mention

one circumstance connected with it, which struck me most sensibly at the moment, and which has never failed since, when I reflect upon it, to excite the deepest emotions.

Having proceeded to the south-west of Timoleague, as far as the Atlantic ocean, I was standing on the shore; admiring the wild and grand scenery of the southern coast, and thinking that the wave which washed it, had, like myself, travelled from another land.—I noticed a high precipice behind me, to the brink of which the plough had been driven, and I shuddered as I saw a peasant heedlessly pass along it. I asked a fisherman, if the country people did not fear to expose themselves in such places. He said, "No," and with my permission, he would tell me a story about that same cliff.—He informed me, that, some years ago, a proctor from Clonakilty, had come on the farm which the cliff bounded, on an affair of tythe. The owners of the land at the time were two brothers; and when the proctor visited them, they were actually digging a ridge of potatoes, where I had seen the man walking.—Owing to some circumstance or other, the proctor and the brothers fell out, and exchanged blows.—The brothers were *two*,

but the proctor being a very powerful man, was fairly a match for them.—Accordingly they struggled long without victory deciding for either party. At length the proctor threw one of the brothers, who was between him and the cliff, over it—over it, but not down. The peasant clung to the proctor's breast, and brought his adversary after him.—The peasant hung suspended over the precipice, and the proctor's body lay stretched across the ridge. It was now in the power of the second brother to annihilate the proctor, but his own flesh and blood would be inevitably lost. Accordingly he hesitated for a moment. *He*, with the abyss of death beneath him, saw the feeling, and rebuked it. With more than Spartan recklessness of life, he exclaimed, "Damn it, man, spare me not, down, down, with the proctor." It is superflous to say, that this demand was not complied with.

Having presented my reader with this illustration of the Church militant in Ireland, I shall now start as it were from Bandon. I had not travelled many miles from that place, when I was overtaken by a tremendous fall of rain. A heavy shower is a great damper on a man's curiosity, yet I could not but remark two persons

who, were moving towards me, though still at a considerable distance. The one was mounted, and carried an umbrella. He seemed anxious to get rid of his attendant. The latter walked in the rain with his head uncovered, and apparently supplicated a favour which was peremptorily refused. As they passed close by me, I heard the one who was on foot, implore the other, "not to take every thing." "Damn the pinsworth, shall I leave you, you rascal," replied the latter, riding off in a full gallop."

The individual, whom the horseman had thus left, stood, for a moment, lost, as it were, in the contemplation of some dire misfortune. He, then, turned a wild look towards myself and ejaculated, "My poor children."

There seemed to have been an appeal to my sympathies; and I inquired into the cause of such deep affliction.

"Oh, Sir," replied he, "I am thrown upon the world. I have a small farm of land which I took fifteen years ago. I laid out every farthing I had in the world upon it. Prices were so low

that I could not pay the rent with the produce, and now my little stock is driven away for the arrears."

At this moment, some cows and other cattle appeared in sight, accompanied by a crowd of country people.

"Here they come," exclaimed the peasant, "God help me."

The distraint now passed on, driven by two men, certainly, of rather ferocious aspect. The people eyed them as despoilers. It was evident that rescue entered into the wishes of the one party and the apprehensions of the other. A woman and four children, three of them little girls, formed part of the train. They appeared to be of the family of the peasant, and to be following their little all to the pound, the grave of their hopes. I do not remember to have ever seen fear, suspicion, grief and indignation, more strongly depicted than in this little group.

As a matter of course, the peasant joined in the procession, and left me to pursue my journey and my reflections.

I had no data by which to judge the merits of the particular case before me. The landlord may have been wronged, the peasant may have been oppressed. On what side the truth lay it was impossible for me to determine. I contented myself, therefore, with turning over all I had ever heard of Irish landlords and tenants, the eternal jarring of those parties contrasted with the harmony of the same classes in my native country.

Whilst I was thus ruminating, I observed a gentleman with a green frock coat and a red sash, pacing carelessly down an avenue which intersected the main road. Though he was, when I first descried him at a distance of at least a hundred yards from me, something told me that I had seen his face before. I stopped, he was my old school-fellow. We had been in the same class and loved each other; and this was the first time, after long years, that we had met; I have but a faint recollection of my classics now, but there is a verse, I think, in Horace or Virgil, beginning with, "O qui complexus." It might have been truly applied to us, and we met, not in our native land, but *afar*; that circumstance which gives to home and boyhood, and

all its early recollections, a thousand nameless charms.

My friend informed me, that he was a Chief of Police, in the county of Cork ; but that he was then on a visit with a gentleman who resided not far from us. He invited me to accompany him to the house of the latter, where he could procure a horse and join me in my excursion. I instantly complied, and in about twenty minutes, we were both on the high road again, having promised to dine at six, with the very worthy family, to which my friend had introduced me.

It is unnecessary for me to say, that for a considerable time after we got under weigh, our conversation turned exclusively on our own private concerns, upon those prospects of our earlier days which had been realized or blasted for ever. However, when the tide of anxious enquiry had somewhat abated, I bethought me of the subject on which I had been meditating when I met my friend and—resumed it. It occurred to me that my friend, from a residence of some years in Ireland, from mixing with all classes of the Irish people and from other cir-

circumstances, might be enabled to throw some light on it.

After mentioning the circumstance of the distraint, I asked my friend if he thought that the landlords of Ireland were justified in their complaints against their tenantry; or that, on the contrary, the tenantry had reason to complain of them.

"Ah," replied my old school-fellow, "that is a subject upon which I often speak in this country, and I have made not a few my enemies by expressing my real sentiments on it. I would almost rather be a beast of burden in England, than the tenant of nine tenths of the Irish landlords, with whom I am acquainted."

When my friend mentioned the beasts of burden in England, I could not but think of those that carried the Lord Mayor up Cornhill, and of the Hibernian, who envied their destiny.

"A good Landlord," continued the Chief of Police, "is an exception in Ireland. When such a one appears, he is looked upon as a comet, and actually considered eccentric. The rich think

him a fool, and I regret to say, that in some instances the poor believe what the rich think, and practise on him accordingly. In truth, "a good Landlord in Ireland," sounds like "a good Devil in Hell."

I asked the cause why this should be so in Ireland. In other countries there was a feeling of mutual regard between the landlord and the tenant; the landlord regarded the tenant with a degree of parental solicitude, and viewed his prosperity as inseparable from his own.

My friend here entered at full length into the political history of Ireland, as far as it was connected with our present subject. He said that the overwhelming majority of the proprietors of the soil in the sister country, had obtained their estates by conquest over those who were afterwards to be the tenants and cultivators of them. Landlords so constituted, were not likely to be distinguished for the most tender mercies. He also informed me, that, during the existence of the Irish Parliament, an Act had been past which enabled a Protestant to file a bill of discovery against any Catholic, who, after paying the Landlord, had more than one third of the

produce of a farm for the support of himself and his family. The object of that measure was to starve the Catholic into Protestantism ; however, the landlord perceived, that whatever the object might be, he was the gainer. Accordingly, when, by the relaxation of the Penal Code, the Act was repealed, he was for keeping the Papist, the tenant, down still. In other words the evil effects of the Act survived the Act itself. There were also other causes conducing to high rents and consequent disagreement between landlord and tenant, in Ireland. The population of the country naturally increased. With this augmentation of people, there was a corresponding augmentation of absenteeism. The absentee, by withdrawing from Ireland those means which would give employment to many as mechanics, threw all upon the land for subsistence. Thus for every acre of land, there were scores of bidders, each one outvying the other, tempting the proprietor, if temptation were necessary, to let his property at the very highest penny, at a sum which the tenant can never pay.

“ The landlord, then,” said I, “ does not care whether the tenant lives or dies, provided he can scrape the last farthing for his land.”

"Precisely so," replied my friend. "If a landlord in Ireland see a tenant with a good coat; he is sure to charge him with assuming airs. That which would be a source of gratification to an English proprietor's mind, only embitters his. He will bring him to an equality of rags, with those about him, by raising his rent at the first opportunity. Again, if a tenant give his daughter in marriage and a few pounds with her, the landlord must necessarily be robbed, for dowries were designed for ladies only, to enable them to sit at their ease; to rustle in silks, and loath those who earn them."

I asked my friend whether any particular instances of hardship had come within his own observation, he replied, "many;" but that the most heartless and disreputable, was one in which himself had been partly concerned.

An industrious man had taken some perches of ground to build on, for which he was to pay an annual rent of seventeen pounds. There were three persons, ostensibly connected with the property. The landlord, his agent, and the deputy of the agent.—Most of the business was transacted through the last mentioned; and

none could suspect that money given to him, would not be admitted by the second, and consequently by the first.—The first year's rent was paid in advance to the deputy of the agent, and the property improved. However, when the first year had expired, the landlord, to the great astonishment of the tenant, demands rent for it. The tenant showed the receipt for seventeen pounds from the deputy of the agent. The landlord denied the power of the deputy to receive rent on his estate. "But," said the tenant, "he has been commissioned by your agent, and he has a letter authorising him to get money in advance from me." "Well, my agent does not admit that," rejoined the landlord.

"Well then," said the tenant, "it is very hard on me, to be obliged to pay rent twice over. I will give you seventeen-pounds; but, as your agent's deputy says, he has a letter of authority from your agent, which the latter denies, will you walk just an hundred yards with me, to the house of the deputy, and by asking to see the letter, contribute to protect your tenant from wrong."

"No, I will not," replied the landlord. I

must get my rent, I do not want to be arguing with you." The tenant paid the seventeen-pounds to the landlord, and he then asked the agent, to convict, if he could, the deputy of a falsehood. "Will you," said he to him, "walk to his house, and demand to see the letter which he showed to me, and which, he says, he received from you." "I won't," was the reply.

I begged to know from my friend, if the seventeen pounds could not be recovered by law proceedings.

I was told that the agent was an attorney—the deputy though no attorney, a lawyer; and that the landlord was not disposed to interfere in the matter. From the nature of the parties concerned, and the circumstance of the receipt for the seventeen-pounds, being on unstamped paper, there would be a certainty of trouble, and hazard of loss in law proceedings, which the tenant did not wish to encounter.

I expressed my opinion that the tenant had been very badly treated.

"Yes," rejoined my friend, frowning with in-

dignation, "I afterwards saw the names of some of those parties, affixed to resolutions about the turbulence and the injustice of the peasantry. They would go to hell's gates to punish an unfortunate white-boy; and not an hundred yards to prevent him from becoming such."

We now spoke of the three descriptions of landlords to be found in Ireland: The proprietor in fee, the middleman, and a third species deriving under the latter.

"They are all oppressors," said the chief of police emphatically, "either in themselves, or in their agents."

"Does not the proprietor in fee," demanded I, "differ from the others?"

"Yes," replied he, "inasmuch as the agent shares the spoil with the great proprietor; whereas the others have no joint stock company."

I required an explanation of this.

"Well then," said my informant, "listen—the middleman, and his emanation, the third one, set their land at the highest possible rent—The agent of the proprietor in fee sets at the highest, compatible with his *douceur*—The nominal rent of the peasant who holds under the head-landlord, may be less than that of him who derives from the others, but the bribes to the agent make the real amount the same. To illustrate this, I knew a farm of fifty acres, to be just out of lease. It was held under a noble lord. The tenant, not wishing to be thrust out of his only means of subsistence, applied to the agent to befriend him.—The agent held out his hand, and a purse of thirty guineas was put into it. He looked at the money, scowled, and flung it about the room. The poor man after collecting up his guineas, as well as he could, went home, strained every nerve, and brought twenty more. The fifty were received—The land was relet to the old tenant at a trifle under what the middleman property brought in; but the rent was too high, and prices fell, and the agent had the poor man's capital in his pocket. In three or four years this tenant was as distressed a pauper as he who may have promised a little more rent, but who had given much less money."

The chief of Police now proceeded to recount the names of several letters and sub-letters of land, who were distinguished for their justice and humanity; however, as my object was to ascertain the character of classes rather than of individuals, I took no particular notice of the very impartial catalogue.

Our argument on Irish landlords was broken in upon, or, more properly speaking, enforced by the following circumstance. We perceived the living skeleton of an aged woman, on whom there was scarcely a single thread of covering, walking like a spectre from a cabin on the road side; and when she had caught us with her eye, vanishing suddenly from our sight.—I had seen youth in rags; but, I confess, I was not prepared to meet old age thus deplorably destitute. I did not think that any state of society, even the most barbarous, would suffer a female of seventy-five years, to exist in almost absolute nudity. My friend and myself could not resist the temptation of stopping here for some time and enquiring into the circumstances of the neighbouring peasantry. All complained of high rents, and one man shewed us a demand of three pounds an

acre for land, the produce of which may pay the tythe and the rent, but could not, from calculations we had made, leave the value of one farthing for the cultivator himself.

I asked my friend whether or not there were "Poor Rates" in the country.

"Oh! no," replied he, "an Irish gentleman would become nervous at the very mention of Poor Rates. But there are rich rates in it. A clergyman of our Church has five hundred a year for doing nothing, and if he be a bishop, he may have from five thousand to fifteen thousand a year. Then there is the rich rate to build churches that are never used, and the rich rate in extravagant rent, and the rich rate in absenteeism. There are also the rich rates on which "the *prescription* corporator and the road jobber feed."

I had heard of road jobbing in Ireland, and of road jobbing parsons, and I requested of the chief to give me some idea on that subject.

He told me that parsons and rack-renters contrived to procure enormously high prices for

their ground and tythes by means of road jobbing. One of these, for example, contracts with the grand jury of the county, for making or repairing a road. He obtains thereby the means of giving employment. He is a parson, suppose, and thus turns his road affair to account. A peasant has a *tythe* which is worth three pounds and no more; but the parson values it at five pounds and will not give it for less. Observe, now, there are many hungry labouring men in every parish. One of these thinking three pounds worth of food better than nothing, proposes to take the tythe in question and to give five pounds, in labour on the road, for it to the parson. The bargain is struck and the parson pays himself out of the road money.

“Then,” said I, “the parson or the rack-renter, as it may be, can raise his rent or his tythe, by road-jobbing, $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.”

“Precisely so,” replied my friend, “but as it can scarcely be expected that an unfortunate wretch will give five pounds bona fide work, for three pounds worth of corn or potatoes, the probability is, that the road will be badly made and that the inhabitants of the county will have

to pay £500 for the parson's contract, though the execution may not be worth more than £300 of the money.

I asked my friend, if there were many of our Clergymen making straight the road to heaven that way?

He informed me, that one of those gentlemen who had been examined on Irish affairs before the committee of the Commons, mentioned the names of four or five from the quarter in which we then were, as connected with road-jobbing. Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary, was not prepared for the statement, but the fact was indisputable.

Thus engaged, we rode over an immense tract of country. A description of it would not be interesting. Corn fields, and potatoe gardens cover the entire. The produce of the former, goes to the parson and the landlord, that of the latter, to the pig and the peasant. Scarcely any improvements.

The abbey of Timoleague was the only spot that particularly attracted our attention. It is a very extensive ruin, not remarkable for its architec-

ture, but venerable for its antiquity. The ivy with which its years are cloathed, the piles of human bones which moulder at its entrance, the awful silence, and picturesque situation of the place, all contribute to render it highly deserving the notice of a traveller. The Irish are a strange, a passing strange people. I was told that a man named Sexton had come to this cemetery, some time before. He had been overpowered by an adverse party in one of those contests, which arise between family and family. He struck the sod, beneath which his father slept, with his club, and asked the dead, why they had not risen from their graves, and fought for their son?

We returned to dine at the appointed hour. There were five or six gentlemen from the neighbourhood at table. When the cloth was removed, the conversation turned on the importance of man.

"He is the lord of the creation," said one with great self-satisfaction.

"It may be," thought I, "but he is a poor lord in Carberry, Ibane, and Barryroe."

CHAP. VI.

The turbulence of the Irish as a people, accounted for
 —The insult of political exclusion, an additional
 cause for discontent—The Catholics fight the Battles
 of the Empire, and pay Taxes, still they are degraded
 —Any attempt to ameliorate the condition of the Irish,
 dangerous, unless accompanied by Emancipation.—
 A Catholic meeting in a Country Parish—The Chapel
 —Jack Leary's sheep—No secrecy observed at the
 meeting—The speeches—The people feel the hard-
 ship of the Tythe System more keenly than any
 other grievance—Reflections on the propriety of pe-
 titioning Parliament against Tythes and Church
 rates—The Irish Catholics more likely to gain ground
 with the English Protestants by complaining of pe-
 cuniary privation, than of exclusion from political
 power—This illustrated by a conversation at Green-
 wich.

The turbulence of the Irish peasantry was
 now most completely accounted for. The worm
 when bruised, will turn, and outraged humanity
 will rebel. I would not stop to enquire what
 particular mode of faith the victim of injustice
 professed. With the Welch jumper, he may go
 to heaven, in a hop, step, and leap, or with

the pious Catholic, he may ascend there on a string of rosaries.—That to me was a matter of no consideration. I merely asked myself what the conduct of the people of England would be, if circumstanced as the Irish. Would they rest on their burning bed of infliction, or Euceladus like, would they not occasionally stir and give symptoms of inquietude. I knew that distress and oppression, had in many cases, raised commotion in my native land, but I knew of no distress or oppression equal to what existed in Ireland.

However, though the Irish had abundant cause to be dissatisfied as a people, I could not avoid seeing that they were peculiarly and vexatiously circumstanced as Catholics. A penal code heaped insult on injury. I had reason to believe, that, in Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, the Catholics were as thirteen to one, and that they were nearly six sevenths of the entire population; yet they were a degraded, despised caste. In latter years they had become countless as the dust, but like the same dust, to be trampled on.

I asked, of what religion were the Sovereign and the corporators of Bandon? I was told that they were Protestants. I asked of what religion

were the mayor and the sheriffs and corporators of Cork? All Protestants... I knew indeed, that the legislative, the judicial and executive authorities should be all of the favoured faith. Every place, then, of honour or emolument, was filled by Protestants. I enquired next if the Catholics of Ireland paid taxes, and fought at Waterloo and Trafalgar? The book of the tax-collector and the rolls of Chelsea and Greenwich hospitals supplied the answer. "Why, then," said I, "if the Catholics pay and fight (and what more can we do?) why is not British justice awarded to them? Why are they not requited for their treasure and their blood?"

"Hold, friend," observes a Bandonian, "they are Papists."

"And so are the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and the Austrians, and the Italians; but still we fought for them, and we complained that the French had done them wrong. And is not the Irish Catholic our brother, and fellow subject?"

"But he is discontented."

"And so he ought," cried I, "he has cause. Again no man deserves to enter into the temple of a free constitution, who has not courage enough to knock boldly at the gate. I scorn your passive obedience, folk, who prostrate their worthless beings at the porch, and beg and crawl for admittance. If I ever open the portal for such, it shall be to close it after me, and walk over them."

The question of the emancipation of the Irish Catholic is inseparably connected with any attempt to ameliorate the condition of the sister country. Let the domestic comforts of the peasant be increased, and let him continue unemancipated, that is, degraded, without diminishing his discontent; you but supply him with the means of resistance. The oppression practised by landlords, and agents, and corporators and the rest, is a necessary adjunct to political exclusion. It keeps the Catholic poor and ignorant, and in ignorance or poverty nothing great or noble can be fairly attempted. It will be readily admitted, that if the people of Ireland were comfortable and educated, for education is the rage of all, insurrections would be more rare; but the spirit of discontent would not be the less active or

efficient. Political inferiority would be the never-failing excitement to commotion. Improved means would supply the materials for attack, and education would give them a scientific direction. We should not, then, have the Catholics of a single parish, or Barony, without arms or order, contesting for their rights. It would be the effort of millions with strength in their hands, and knowledge in their councils; probably too with the aid and co-operation of some foreign adversary. However, every thing desirable can be obtained by doing that which is just and honest. Make the Irish pauper comfortable, and the Irish citizen free, and then the Protestant of England, and the Presbyterian of Scotland, and the Catholic of Ireland, though three in person, shall be in love and interest, one and undivided.

The above reflections, erroneous or just, are as relevant to my subject as the interest of the great majority of the population of any country can be to the country itself. Again the much talked of Catholic Association was then being organized, and I understood that a parish meeting was to be held after service on Sunday, at a Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood of Bandon. After

attending another place of worship at an earlier hour, without inconveniencing myself, I was present at this exhibition.

On my arriving at the Catholic chapel, the first thing that struck me, was the spectacle of half the congregation out, and half the roof in. "And yet, these poor people are obliged to pay a clergy they never employ, and build churches they never enter."

When I arrived, the congregation were kneeling, and continued so for some time. At the tinkling of a bell, all rose, and I squeezed my way into the chapel. There were not many windows in this sacred edifice, but yet sufficient light from above. An eagle might have introduced himself through the roof, north, east, west, or south, and two sparrows were gambolling about with plenary indulgence.

The priest asked from the altar, if any person knew of Jack Leary's sheep.

"There's a strayed sheep on my land," replied a man near me, "if 'tis Jack's, he can have it."

I did not swear, but I thought within myself, than even the biblical gentleman whom I met the preceding Sunday, could not have furnished any thing better.

When the service of the day was over, the priest informed the congregation that the business of the meeting would instantly commence. I do declare most solemnly, that, notwithstanding what the Courier newspaper has said about the removing of women and children from those meetings, I perceived nothing of that kind at this one. Every thing there appeared to me as much above board, as it could be at Freemason's Hall, or the City of London Tavern. Sure am I, that there were at this meeting, upwards of one hundred and fifty boys and females of every description.

The chair was taken by an individual who seemed to be the head man in the parish. The parish school-master served as secretary. The proposers and seconders of resolutions who were comfortably, but not genteelly attired, formed a little group close by the altar. With the exception of the above mentioned, and they did not exceed eight in number, the meeting was

any thing but such as political effect could be expected from squalid misery and ignorance, which is not power.

There were but two speeches delivered, one recommending the Catholic rent, the other in commendation of Mr. O'Connell. It would be difficult to say whether the meeting were more liberal of their pence or of their praise. They agreed to pay their penny a month, as cheerfully as though each man expected to become a General or an Admiral, and they shouted at the mention of O'Connell's name, as if he was to put them in commission. I have had the pleasure of hearing that gentleman on one or two occasions since his visit to London. I must say that I conceive him highly deserving the gratitude of his Catholic countrymen; however, that as a leader, I think him much too fond of the advanced posts. To speak in the style of one of my own countrymen, who is eternally attacking the Irish for their blunders, he should allow his *followers* to go before him.

I noted particularly, as it may be supposed, those grievances at the mention of which, the meeting was most sensibly affected.

It was first said that no Catholic could be a Peer, or a Member of the House of Commons. The chairman confirmed the truth of this proposition by a nod, but the meeting received it in silence.

It was next asserted, that no Catholic could be a judge, a Mayor, or a Sheriff. This also was received in silence.

Lastly, it was declared to be a hardship that Catholics should be obliged to support Protestant pastors, and forced to build fine churches for others, whilst their own chapels were tumbling round them.

This was the appeal.—This spoke to the plain understandings and immediate interests of all present; and the sense of the meeting was unequivocally expressed, "that tythes and church rates were a crying injustice and ought, by right, to be abolished."

I do confess, that it has been the cause of wonder to me that the Catholics of Ireland, instead of praying to be admitted into places of honour and power, which, as a matter of course

could be enjoyed by the few only, should not have petitioned for the removal of tythes and church rates, which would be of instant benefit to the many. This strange policy, on their part, has perplexed me more than I can well describe. Whatever of real or apparent good the Irish Catholics may receive, must come from the hands of the English people alone. Now, my countrymen, with all their prejudices, have a deep sense of straight forward justice. This latter disposition may be turned to the very best account, even to the ultimate conquest of their prejudices. Yet the advisers of the Catholics begin with the prejudices, that is, at the wrong end. The English Protestant thinks it dangerous to trust the Catholic with power. In that he may be wrong, and I think he is; however, such is his prejudice. But he does not think, at the same time, that an exclusion from political power necessarily supposes pecuniary privation; no more than he would think it a matter of course, that a man, who is blackballed out of a club, should pay the entrance fees. In truth, the Englishman believes the political depression of the Catholic to be one thing, and the extortion of the Protestant parson to be another; and it is my decided belief, that, though he may, for a time, sincerely

continue the one, he would indignantly spurn the other.

To exemplify this, I shall just mention a circumstance quite in point. Having some business to transact at Greenwich, during the last month I called at a house of entertainment there, and took my seat in the public room. There were five persons in the room including myself. Two mechanics, a Scotch pensioner and a young man, who I believe, had served in the army in Ireland. The waiter being from the sister country let fall some words concerning it. This caused the mechanics to direct their conversation to the number of Irish coming to England, and the consequent reduction of wages.

"D—n my eyes," said one of them, "if they should not be all fired to hell's gates."

"What the devil brings them here?" demanded the other, "why don't they stay at home?"

"Do you know what," observed the young man from the opposite side of the room, addressing himself to the mechanics, "I happened to be in Liverpool some months ago; and a

gentlemen asked one of those same Irish, what brought him to England, and he very smartly answered, he came after his money. His landlord lived in London."

The Scotch pensioner said he had heard many bad things about Irish landlords, and that they ought to stay at home among their poor people.

"But, damn the rascals!" exclaimed the first mechanic again, "if they are underworking us every where, and they have as much sugar upon their tongues as would sweeten a gill bladder!"

"And have the Irish no complaint to make of us?" demanded the young man. "Mr. Hume says that they are paying three millions annually, to a church which they do not want. Now, if, instead of giving this money to clergymen, we left it among the Irish themselves, we might not have so many of them poor, nor so many of them underworking us—which I admit is an evil."

"Oh! yes," rejoined the former, "they want

to be emancipated, but be damned if they shall ever roast me in Smithfield. I'll take damned good care of that. I've heard of bloody Queen Mary."

"Ay, but," said the young man coolly, "the Irish did not roast you at Smithfield; and, if they did, they atoned for their crime, even to the fourth generation. But is there not a mighty difference between binding up a man's hands and picking his pocket. It may be right to prevent the Irish Catholic from becoming a judge, or a member of parliament; but why, impoverish him by tythes and church rates, and then send him over here to deprive your children and mine of bread?"

"Well now," observed the mechanic who had commenced the dialogue, and looking thoughtfully, "I did not see that there thing before."

"Nor did I, Bill," added his companion:

The conversation closed by the Scotch pensioners' declaring that no man should be obliged to support any but his own religion.

This relation will suggest the line of policy which the Catholics ought to adopt. The English people are prepared to meet them on the tythe system and to do them justice, and the abolition of that system would be instantly felt and acknowledged as a service. I will admit, that, from the self-interest of many individuals, the agitation of the question of church property in Ireland, may be argued as calculated to throw emancipation back, but if it brought the abolition of tythes and church rates forward, its good would counterbalance its evil. Let then the Catholics in each parish meet, and send forward petitions to parliament, and let them rest assured that the Tagadoc petition, which prayed that *three hundred* Catholics should not be coerced to build a church for *one* Protestant, spoke more powerfully to the English mind than ten thousand remonstrances, complaining of exclusion from, the justice seat, the Lord's or the Common's.

However to return to the meeting. The most scrupulous observance of the laws, was inculcated as a sacred duty; and I do not remember to have ever heard a clergyman from an English pulpit enforce the doctrine of universal love

more zealously than the priest did, that of cordiality between Catholics and Protestants.

It was asserted, as it may be imagined, that the Irish had suffered much from the English people, but the speaker admitted that my countrymen "know not what they did;" and when mention was made of Mr. John Smith and the London Committee, there was an instant burst of gratitude from all present, of which, I shall say my English heart was proud.

This excursion terminated my enquiries. I left Bandon on Monday, and on the following day I embarked on board the George the Fourth steam packet, for Bristol.

CONCLUSION.

Parliament bound to remedy the evils of Ireland—The danger to which the interests of the empire are exposed by the present order of things—If evil befall the British people from division, no consolation derivable from the consideration of its source.

The Irish people then are miserable, and their misery is entailed upon them by others. Assured that such is the case, and convinced that affairs cannot remain, as they are, in Ireland, I think it the bounden duty of every honest man to impress upon those in power the necessity of doing speedy justice to the sister country. I am an Englishman, and I do not blush to have once entertained erroneous views regarding Ireland; but, with my present light, it would be criminal to entertain them any longer. If the Irish be not treated as ourselves, how can we fairly expect that they should act differently from ourselves if placed in their situation. Their malady is severe, but not incurable, and

and that the wisdom of parliament, of which we hear, is—folly, and its omnipotence—a jest; if it cannot invent a remedy and efficaciously apply it. It is most true, that little is to be apprehended from the Irish themselves: the Kildare Street Society has not educated them sufficiently well for *that*; but circumstances may arise, when our fate will be in the balance, and the Irish may be found a make-weight in the scale against us. I do not write thus in a spirit of defiance. If so, I should defy myself. But when I pass from Bristol to London, from Hull to Liverpool, from the forges of Birmingham to the factories of Yorkshire; when I see industry flourishing and wealth abounding, I tremble at an order of things by which all those glorious realities may be changed into airy, empty, unsubstantial nothings. Can I forget that, in the year 1781, the corporation of London addressed the father of the present monarch, and told him—

“ That his fleets had lost their wonted superiority,
That his armies had been captured,
That his dominions had been lost ;”¹

and if circumstances, warranting similar assertions, should at any future day arise, and, owing to a divided empire, all should be lost, can I console my-

self with the reflection, that the sacrifice was incurred to perpetuate monopoly, injustice, and inhumanity in Ireland.; Let us, then, the English people, see that justice be done to the Irish people. Let us do this, and we shall have laid the surest foundation for the permanent greatness of our empire.

NOTES.

* The Doctor, I presume, had read the following passage, in a speech delivered by Mr. Hume, during the Parliamentary Session of last year.

“ But before he read an extract from the 5th vol. of Burnet's History (edit. 1823,) containing the opinion of Lord Dartmouth, he wished to remark, that three individuals who had died, he believed, Primates of Ireland, had come to their Dioceses with scarcely any property, yet left behind them not less than £800,000. Their names had been given to him, and he had expected to have received an extract from the probates of their wills; he had applied for it, but he had not yet obtained it, and if he were in error, he was therefore not to blame. He confidently believed his information, and he would put it to any man, however biassed, whether such a system ought to continue, under which three individuals could thus enrich themselves, at a time when such extreme distress prevailed in Ireland, that it had claimed the sympathy, and obtained the benevolent assistance of this country. Could any man satisfy his conscience, and quietly witness such an enormous accumulation of the property of the people under any, but especially under such circumstances? Thousands and tens of thousands were heaped together by the Clergy, while the mass of the nation was literally dying of starvation.”

The annexed is an extract from the speech of Sir John Newport, it was pronounced on the 14th of April, of the present year. The subject was "Church Pluralities" in Ireland, why not *singularities*?

"The Right Honourable Baronet then proceeded to allude to the evidence which had been laid before Parliament relative to the episcopal unions, and narrated several cases where the parishes thus united extended over a very large tract of country, some of them not being less than eighteen miles distant from each other. It was impossible, where parishes were thus widely separated, that a clergyman could attend to the duties of both. In one union, three parishes connected 26 miles long, and nine miles broad; in another union, the tract which it comprised was 40 miles long. The conduct of the Archbishops and Bishops had heretofore been very generally at variance with that which they ought to pursue; for though they made those unions, they must have seen the evils that arose from them. In Kilcooly, six parishes, several miles distant from each other, were united in 1809. The Hon. Baronet then adverted to cases of a similar description which had occurred in Roscommon and Sligo. In one instance, where, before a parish was united to another, there were 16,000 inhabitants, the number was increased by the union to 22,800. The curate of the parish of Boyle, in the diocese of Tuam, was called upon to do all the duties of that parish, after it had been united with another. One of those parishes was 26 miles long, the other eight miles in length. Government had, however, much to its credit, divided the Union into three parishes. The emoluments derived from these unions were very great. He knew an in-

stance where four parishes were thus united, the first of which produced 580*l.* a year, the second 280*l.* the third 100*l.* and the fourth, 720*l.*—making an annual revenue of upwards of 1,500*l.* a year; and yet the duties were inefficiently performed. The incumbent of one of these unions, in the Diocese of Kilmore, held 20,000 acres of land, besides 500 acres of glebe. The conduct of the present primate had gone a great way in reforming this abuse. He first endeavoured to dissolve all unions within his own power. He disapproved of the reasons for which they first were created; but notwithstanding the meritorious conduct of the primate or of any other prelate, he (Sir J. Newport) thought the house itself ought to provide by law against the recurrence of this evil."

* No LXII of the Quarterly Review says, "It appears from the County of Limerick alone, there is annually drawn by Absentee Proprietors, the sum of 300,000*l.* from the country of Kerry the sum of 150,000. The whole sum annually abstracted from Ireland by Absentees is estimated at not less than three millions sterling." It will be remarked here, that the writer in the Review is rather under the Scotch Gentleman, and the Bishop of Chester, in his calculations.

† The Rev. Mr. Keily, in his evidence before the Committee, on the state of Ireland, says that "his Parishioners are better circumstanced than their neighbours." He attributes the difference to this cause. Lord Kingston, who is a resident landlord, lives in his (Mr. K's.) parish, and is now occupied in building a mansion, suited to his rank and fortune.

He gives regular employment at ten pence per day to the labourers around him. The labourers of the south of Ireland generally get eightpence a day, and they are by no means, ~~sure of employment~~ even at that rate.

* If the Scotch Gentleman meant that there are none in England who pay a second clergy, most certainly he was in error. The fact is, that the Dissenters of England, as well as those of Ireland, are obliged to pay a second clergy. However; in speaking of the different religionists who are so circumstanced in the British Islands, it is but fair to consider that the Irish Catholics are the great majority of a people; next, that they are *individually poor*, which cannot be said of the Dissenters; thirdly, that having never changed their faith, and as a people never dying, they may be allowed a sort of '*de jure*' claim (as Mr. Canning would term it) to the ecclesiastical property of their country.

SHIPS AND TONNAGE.

† The following is an account of the ships, their tonnage and men which have entered the Ports of Ireland, in the year 1824 :—

Ports of Entry.	British.			Foreign.		
	Ships.	Tons.	Men.	Ships.	Tons.	Men.
Baltimore	2	502	24	1	184	14
Belfast	100	19,123	1090	66	11,992	621
Coleraine	13	1,152	76	7	588	46
Cork	38	15,025	723	89	18,976	702
Donaghadee	5	209	24	—	—	—
Drogheda	9	890	54	3	420	23
Dublin	198	24,306	1530	59	10,467	512
Dundalk	11	1,532	81	6	670	40
Galway	4	546	83	11	2,020	104
Killybegs	6	448	34	4	598	27
Kilrush	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kinsale	4	778	40	1	146	10
Larne	1	42	8	3	258	19
Limerick	29	5,228	269	16	3,489	171
London-						
derry	23	3,293	183	32	5,479	317
Newry	40	6,705	376	43	7,612	463
Sligo	10	1,085	80	16	2,463	137
Tralee	3	494	27	2	388	21
Waterford	48	7,600	430	15	3,137	158
Westport	—	—	—	2	245	15
Wexford	11	1,409	77	1	232	9
Wicklow	1	362	15	—	—	—
Youghal	5	1,045	51	2	198	15
Total...	609	91,825	5218	373	64,561	3450

The Scotch ships were 1,149, exceeding ours by 508, or nearly doubling them ; their tonnage was 198,388, exceeding ours by 99,005, or more than doubling it ; their men were 12,712, exceeding ours by 5,620, or more than

doubling them. We speak now of the ships, tonnage, and men of the British Islands. With regard to foreigners, we have the superiority (a small one) in tonnage, but the inferiority in the number of ships.

There are nine ports of England which exceed Dublin in ships, tonnage and men. These are London, Bristol, Dover, Hull, Liverpool, Newcastle, Plymouth, Southampton and Whitehaven; Bristol more than doubles us; Hull more than quadruples us; Liverpool is more than thirteen times, and London more than twenty-five times beyond us. The tonnage, foreign and British, of Hull, is nearly one and a half that of all Ireland. The tonnage of Liverpool is a great deal more than that of every port in Ireland.

* The following extracts, from the Cork Mercantile Chronicle, will enable the British public to form an idea of the *reward* which industry meets in Ireland.

The first is taken from a report of the proceedings of a County meeting, convened for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning parliament on the subject of the linen bounties.

Captain Hoare wished much that it should be understood, that he had given the subject, in consideration, the fullest attention, and that he was deeply impressed with the opinion that the Linen Bounties would not bear a single farthing in reduction. He had studied the condition of the people, and felt an interest in their welfare; and he assured the Meeting now, that a spinner, working from morning till night at the present prices, could not earn more than two pence half-penny *per diem*; this

being the case, could those means, which enabled the spinner to receive even so much, be reduced? If they be reduced, he thought the manufacture would inevitably fall. He begged to propose, that a Committee be appointed to frame a Petition to the Legislature, praying that no part of the Bounty on Coarse Linens be reduced.

Address from the Working Cotton Manufacturers to the Nobility and Gentry of the County and City of Cork.

We, the Working Cotton Manufacturers, impelled by poignant misery, beg to lay a statement of our situation before a generous Public, with a view to our immediate relief from the intolerable distress we are suffering, and which is of a description not to be borne, or even in the power of men of our humble capacity to depict, or in words to convey an idea.

We have borne, for a long time, privation of the worst description, expecting that at some period natural causes may give us that relief we now stand in such need of.— Hurtful as this application is to our feelings, as men whose only desire is employment, we are driven to it by distress of the deepest die, requiring that some exertion should be made to rescue us from the gulph of unparalleled affliction into which we are plunged, and that not by any fault of our body, for no body of men have ever studied and acted to the interest of their employer, more than we have done) the sole cause being WANT OF CAPITAL in our Trade.

As it is supposed and reported that our Trade is in a flourishing condition, while the contrary is the case; it

may not be imprudent in us to give our opinion as to the cause of our want of employment, and what effect Capital may have on our Trade.

For want of Capital the spun cotton has to pass through many hands, all of whom have a profit, and particularly that sold in small parcels on credit to the poor manufacturer, who is obliged to purchase at the dearest rate; so that the material stands him nearly as much as the manufactured goods stand the English Capitalist, a cause that throws the Cork Manufacturer out of the market, and causes us to be idle.

If Capital were vested in the Cotton Trade, and Spinning Machinery established, all these obstacles would be removed, and the Irish Manufacturer placed on a surer footing than any other, we being satisfied to work at our accustomed wages, far under that of any other country, and would otherwise advance his interest by every means in our power. This picture of happiness has nearly made us forget our present misfortune, which we hope the humanity of our Fellow-Citizens will cause them to consider, and enable sixty of our body to go to England, where we are confident they will find employment, and relief from their present deplorable condition.

We beg to add, that in soliciting the assistance of the benevolent, for means to forward this portion of our suffering body to a seat of employment, it will be necessary for us to state that at this moment there are four hundred working Cotton Weavers in this City, dragging on a miserable existence, and endeavouring to keep their families from mendicity, whilst with all the exertions in their power, they cannot earn more than six shillings

per week, and that only to be derived from casual employment.

Signed on behalf of the Working Cotton
Manufacturers.

Joseph Billington,	Mathias Coleman,
John Butler,	Edward Purcell,
Thomas Butler,	Michael Ross,
Michael Harley,	John Justin,
Patrick Callaghan,	Keane Mahony.

^a The subjoined extract from "the first report of the Commissioners of Enquiry into the state of education in Ireland," may not be uninteresting.

"It will be recollected, that forms of a return were sent to the Clergy of different persuasions in Ireland, with respect to the state of education in their several districts. The following is the general result of the information obtained, and it is highly important and interesting:—

According to the returns made by ministers of the Established Church, the number of schools in Ireland (Sunday schools excepted) is 10,387, and they contain 498,641 pupils. According to the Roman Catholic returns, the number of schools is 10,453 and the number of pupils 522,016.

In the enumeration we have excluded Sunday Schools on both sides, as the children in attendance upon them are almost universally to be found in the day schools also. The total numbers in education are according to the Protestant returns, thus distributed.

Of the Established Church,	94,026
Presbyterians,	43,280
Protestants of other denominations,	3,308
Roman Catholics,	357,249

Children in education, whose religion is not
stated in the returns, 3,822

Total in education, according to the Protestant
returns, 498,641

The numbers, according to the Roman Catholic re-
turns, are as follows;—

Of the Established Church,	83,180
Presbyterians,	38,709
Protestants of other denominations,	3,794
Roman Catholics,	397,212
Children in education, whose religion is not stated in the returns,	4,121

Total in education, according to the Roman
Catholic returns, 522,016

In the year 1812, it appears by the fourteenth report of the commissioners of education, to which we have so often had occasion to refer, that at that time the number of schools in Ireland might be estimated at 4,600, containing about 200,000 pupils.—It follows, that during the last twelve years, the number of schools and Pupils has considerably more than doubled.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this education is still in a great degree administered in the day schools

of the country connected with societies, and generally speaking, not subjected to any particular control or superintendence.

It cannot possibly be true that the Catholics of Ireland are so hostile to education, as they are represented to be. If so, the report of the commissioners would lead us to conclude that their numbers are countless.

Lest it may be inferred, from the above return, that the Protestants of Ireland are to the Dissenters, as eighty-three to thirty-eight, or ninety-one to forty-three, it will be right to take into account that the children of the Methodists are classed in the return as Protestants. Now it occurs to me, from certain conversations, which I have had, from time to time, with various Methodists, that, if all the Protestant Clergy in the universe were unfortunately translated to heaven, the former would not conceive themselves from that circumstance very materially the worse in a *spiritual*, and no wise in a *temporal* point of view.

See "The Humble Address, remonstrance and petition of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London, in Common Hall assembled," in the Annual Register for 1781, page 320.

As the curious may wish to know the particular measures which have been adopted of late for the

improvement of Ireland, I shall give the following enumeration of them from the report of the select committee of the House of Lords.

“ The establishment of the police and constabulary—the revision of the magistracy, as far as it was gone—the meeting of the magistrates in petty sessions—the administration of justice by the assistant barristers—the change which has taken place of late years in the mode of appointing sheriffs—the public works undertaken by the executive Government—the alteration in the system of the distillery laws, and in the general mode of collecting the revenue—the remission of all direct taxes—the repeal of the Union duties—and the increased facility of commercial intercourse, have all contributed, not only to remove grievances, but to improve the situation of the country.

The composition for tythe, under the authority of the acts passed in the two last sessions of Parliament, has been hitherto as rapid, and as beneficial, as could have been expected under the circumstances of the times ; and the greatest advantage may reasonably be anticipated from the further progress of this important measure.”

Now were I an Irishman, and to be asked my estimate of the *certain* value of the above regulations to Ireland, keeping in mind what I conceive to be Ireland's *due*, I would answer, “ *Six pence in the pound*”.—I think it no exaggeration to say that owing to the bad system of government which pre-

vails in that country, there is, what with the church system, absenteeism, a crippled exterior commerce, a ruined interior trade, (this last is a tremendous evil) also the *expense* of national *feeling* arising from degrading laws, there is, I say a yearly loss entailed upon it of thirty millions,



